



# The Case of the Doomed Reviewer



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## Chapter 1 by Brandy

Agnes ate green peppers all day long the day I caught the biggest case of my career. I'd finally gotten my own office that autumn, and I even had a reception area with a secretary to take calls and keep my schedule. Agnes was great at that stuff. She did paperwork and made sure we got paid. She also had an affinity for fad diets. The week of the Montrose case it was green peppers. Before that was grapefruit, then kelp, then a salt lick. One after another in a never ending queue of unhealthy ineffective diets.

I passed her desk on the way to the coffee pot and heard the unmistakable gurgling of gastric distress. To her credit, Agnes's poker face never failed. She looked me in the eyes and held out a standard form.

"New case for you," she said.

Eager for any reason to leave the office before the gasses erupted, I grabbed the file and rushed to my office. I grabbed my coat and investigation bag (a leather satchel like Indiana Jones, filled with all the tools of the trade.) Once out of the office, I hurried down the street, past an alley tagged with orange spray paint. Wilson Harrison, P.I. on the case.

I arrived at Liz Carmichael's building at a quarter til six. The sky was turning dusky. Her building was a swanky place, but that was to be expected, Ms. Carmichael being a famous book reviewer (to be honest, I only knew that from Agnes's notes). The doorman told me I could find Ms. Carmichael in the roof garden. Luckily this place had an elevator. Unluckily, I am not fond of roofs.

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He pushed past me and went through the door. He had a point. I took a breath and followed.

On the roof, I got my first glimpse of Liz Carmichael: white female, approximately 5'3", 110 lbs. White hair, pastel blue pantsuit, and pearls that reminded me of my late mother.

Ms. Carmichael stood at the edge of the roof, near a rusty weathervane. She beckoned me over and told me the first words I'd hear about Montrose and the case that would change my life forever.

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